THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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MONTANA HIBERNIANS.

Splendid Gathering of the Silver Bow County A. O. H. and Ladies' Auxiliary at Their Own Hall in Butte, Mont.

An Excellent Programme, Which Included Oratory, Music and Song—Growth of the Great Order in the Mountain State.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 13, a gay and happy throng assembled in Hibernia hall, Butte, Montana, to witness the joint installation of the newly-elected officers of Div. 1, A. O. H., and Divs. 1 and 2, ladies' auxiliary. This being the first attempt at a joint installation by the A. O. H. and ladies' auxiliary in the west, the ceremony was looked upon as rather unique and elaborate preparations were made for its successful consummation. When the meeting was called to order at 8:30 p. m. the hall was comfortably filled. About 400 of the members of both societies were present, their animated faces, their merry laughter, their good-natured repartee showing plainly that they were all typical children of Gael. Some there were, indeed, who had never set eyes on the heath-clad hills, the fertile valleys, the enchanting lakes or the crooning rivulets of Erin, but who inherited their love for the old land, its checkered history, its glorious traditions, from patriotic fathers and virtuous mothers. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion with the American and Irish colors. Brother Quinn Crowley, who has the happy faculty of always having something new to bring up at division meetings, acted as usher, and I am not stretching the truth when I say that he excelled in that capacity. His beaming smile for everybody, all the more intense when some handsome young woman made her appearance, was inspiring to behold.

Div. 1, A. O. H., of Silver Bow county, was organized in 1880, with a small membership. Situated in Butte, the county seat of Silver Bow, it has kept pace with the growth of the great mining camp, until today it is, in point of numbers, wealth, intelligence and that spirit of progress that should always characterize the A. O. H., one of the foremost divisions in the country. Div. 1, ladies' auxiliary, was instituted in November, 1894; Div. 2 in February, 1896. Under the able guidance of the county president, Mrs. Bridget O'Leary, and her efficient staff of officers they have succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of their founders.

In the unavoidable absence of the retiring president, M. J. Burke, the vice-president, Lawrence Duggan, occupied the chair. And here let me say a word or two about Brother Michael Burke. Connected with the A. O. H. for twenty-five or thirty years, he came here from Virginia City, Nevada, less than four years ago. He had scarcely been transferred to the Butte division when he was elected its president—a splendid tribute to his ability, integrity and patriotism, and creditable alike to the division and to himself. Brother Burke has served three terms as president and was the unanimous choice of the division for that office for the ensuing twelve months, but pressure of business, and a desire to rest on the fine record he has made in the field of Hibernianism, for a season or two, compelled him to decline the honor. Anybody who has ever had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the A. O. H. in Butte, during his incumbency, has expressed the unqualified opinion that he has few, if any, equals, as a presiding officer, in the United States. His extensive knowledge of parliamentary procedure and his intimate acquaintance with the constitution always enabled him to readily dispel any doubts that might arise in the minds of the members on any knotty question that presented itself. Div. 1 will miss the presiding genius of Brother M. J. Burke.

An excellent programme was prepared for the occasion. The name of John J. O'Meara, state president of the A. O. H. of Montana, was the first on the programme. He delivered an address on the history of the A. O. H., which, for terseness, oratorical ability and the amount of information it contained, could scarcely be surpassed. Amongst other interesting matters referred to in the course of his able effort, Brother O'Meara called attention to the fact that when the national convention of the A. O. H. was held in Minneapolis ten years ago, the membership of the order was only 40,000, today, in spite of open and covert hostility in some quarters, in spite of the vilification of enemies, in spite of the almost criminal indifference of many of our race, the membership stood at 120,000, ranking third or fourth amongst the fraternal organizations in America in members, and in influence, wealth and achievements, second to none! Brother O'Meara was loudly cheered at the conclusion of his address.

Mrs. Kate Norris, state president of the ladies' auxiliary, A. O. H., of Montana, was named to speak on the auxiliary, its aims and objects, but the regretable absence of that estimable lady necessitated the passing over of that important item.

Miss Rose McDermott, the talanted young vocalist, who has surprised and delighted Butte audiences on more than one occasion by her melodious voice, and who, I venture to predict, will some day make her debut before the world as a successful singer, next appeared at the call of the chairman. She sang "Handful of Earth" with such effect that the appreciative assemblage went fairly wild. Round after round of applause marked the conclusion of the splendid effort. Miss McDermott responded by singing "The girl I left behind me." She was accompanied on the piano in "Handful of Earth" by Miss Mary Bee, an accomplished musician. Brother John A. Ryan sang "The old gable roof" in a fine, mellow voice and was liberally applauded. Miss Amelia Pryor, one of Butte's most popular and charming daughters and one of the officers-elect of the ladies' auxiliary, sang "Not the same old smile," which was well received. Miss Nellie Shea played a selection on the piano, which showed that she is possessed of talent of high order. Miss Nellie Courtney, one of the sweetest singers in the auxiliary, sang "Doris." The little Misses Courtney appeared in a vocal duet, entitled "I'm not old enough to know," and took the house by storm. In response to an encore they sang "Sweet Fairyland."

Rev. Father De Sierre, chaplain of the three divisions, spoke in a happy vein of the friendly feelings that always existed between himself and the members of the A. O. H.; of how the A. O. H. and ladies' auxiliary were always the first to respond, morally and financially, to his call for aid in any important work he undertook, and concluded by urging on all present the wisdom of living up to the motto of their noble order—Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity. The reverend gentleman was loudly applauded.

Rev. Father Gallagher, in the course of his eloquent remarks, referred in glowing terms to the achievements of the Irish race at home and abroad. He ridiculed the assertion made by their enemies, that the Irish people were incapable of governing themselves, and said that Irishmen were prominent in the councils of any nation in which the race had ever obtained a foothold, citing in support of his statement the fact that Ireland gave a president to France and a prime minister to Spain, besides innumerable senators and congressmen to the United States. He said the hundreds of thousands of brave and intelligent Irishmen in America today were more feared by England and were a greater menace to the safety of the robber empire than their kin across the sea, and that to be a member of the A. O. H. was tatamount to being a good citizen of the United States. Father Gallagher closed by eulogizing the Hibernians for donating $50,000 for the endowment of a Celtic chair in the Catholic university at Washington, D. C., and said the raising of that fine sum by assessment among the members, during the unusual business and financial depression of recent years, was a work that few societies would care to undertake. He was generously applauded at the conclusion of his timely remarks.

Miss Lizzie O'Leary recited "A Night with Meagher's Brigade" with considerable elocutionary ability. Brother James Hyland sang "Gramachree" in fine style. Brother Stephen Holland, one of Butte's popular and enterprising business men, recited "An Irish war song" with much force and effect. Brother Maurice Kelly sang "The Minstrel Boy" in his usual inspiriting manner.

The programme exhausted, the event of the evening, the installation of officers, was proceeded with. James Maher, the handsome and urbane county president of the A. O. H. of Silver Bow county, installed the officers. Brother M. McKevitt, that veteran Hibernian who has been with Div. 1 since its inception, and was its president at one time, was master of ceremonies and gave eminent satisfaction in that useful capacity. The following are the names of the officers of Div. 1, A. O. H., for the ensuring year: President, Lawrence Duggan; vice-president, Quinn Crowley; recording secretary, Dan D. Shea; financial secretary, Jerry J. Lynch; treasurer, P. J. Sullivan; sentinel, Cormack McGarvey; marshal, Patrick Mitchell; chairman of standing committee, Con Ryan; trustee (for three years), Tim Crowley. Div. 1, ladies' auxiliary—President, Mrs. Norah Harrington; vice-president, Mrs. Abbey Ronan; recording secretary, Miss Amelia Pryor; financial secretary, Miss Maggie Kirby; treasurer, Mrs. Mary Higgins; sergeant-at-arms; Mrs. Mary Callahan; sentinel, Miss Ellen Crowley; lady chairman of standing committee, Miss Mary Ree; trustees, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. McGrath. Div. 2, ladies' auxiliary—President, Mrs. Gillick; vice-president, Mrs. Page; recording secretary, Mrs. Evans; financial secretary, Mrs. Hickey; sergeant-at-arms, Mrs. Rowan; sentinel, Mrs. Harrington; lady chairman of standing committee, Mrs. Reber.

Installation over, lunch was served by the members of the ladies' auxiliary, and the menu showed that they were adepts at the art of cooking as well as at the art of entertaining. When everybody had satisfied the cravings of the inner man, the hall was cleared of chairs, tables, etc., and dancing became the order of the day (or night). Doyle's orchestra furnishing excellent music. Young and old, bachelor and benedict, maid and matron, joined in the airy exercise. A special feature of the dancing was the jig and reel danced by Brothers McCarthy and Ryan, with their fair partners, Misses McDermott and Murphy. When at 2:30 o'clock in the morning the dancing ceased, the happy gathering departed for their homes, congratulating themselves on having spent one of the most enjoyable nights in their lives and wishing for a recurrence of many such events in the future.

J. J. L.

LaCrosse A. O. H.

Div. 1, A. O. H., of LaCrosse, Wis., installed officers on the evening of the 6th inst., at the lodge hall on Windsor street. In addition to their own members quite a number were up from the South Side. J. J. Kavanaugh, by virtue of his office as county president, conducted the installation ceremonies, and at its close made an interesting speech on Ireland. "In America," he said, "there is no limit to the progress we may make. We are neither hampered by metes and bounds of religious dictation, nor are we molested in our political and civil rights. Liberty is here as free as the air we breathe. It belongs to us all. The future of the children of Ireland in America is a promising one. It is left for us in the future as in the past to demonstrate to the American people that as a race we are, in inspiration, in character and in thought as they are. Our future is their future, our prosperity their prosperity, our glories their glories, even as when we shall all be made one by the angel of death. Our soil shall be billowy with graves all made common with the ashes of those who like Americans in hope and in aspirations were all one."

Remarks were also made by J. F. Cuddy and Rev. Ambrose Murphy. During the evening music was rendered by a string quartette, consisting of the Misses Keaveny and the Misses Ross, and vocal duets by Eddie and Miss Ella Eagan, exhibitions of jig dancing, and later on refreshments were served, consisting of coffee and sandwiches. This was followed by dancing, which wound up the evening.

GALESBURG HIBERNIANS.

There was a large company present at the public installation of officers in the local lodge of Ancient Order of Hibernians in Swanson's hall, Galesburg, Tuesday night week. It was a happy occasion.

The list of officers was published several weeks ago in this paper. These were installed by County President J. W. Barry, of this city.

Then followed a fine musical and literary programme. J. W. Barry presided in the absence of the president. The first number was a finely executed piano solo by Miss Alice Welch. It was nicely given. Miss Kate Russell followed with a vocal solo, with Miss Lizzie Conley at the piano. Miss Russell is a very sweet singer, putting much expression in her vocalization.

John Downs, of Peoria, was heartily received to make some remarks. He referred pleasantly to the recent meeting of the Hibernians in this city. He said he supposed this meeting was under the auspices of the ancient order, but it seems to be under the auspices of the modern order. The young men have taken the place of the older men and the order will be perpetuated in this city.

Speaking of the purposes of the order, he said: We want to see that little emerald isle of the sea free. The speech was full of Mr. Downs' brightness and hope for Ireland.

Miss Anna Carolan favored the company with a piano solo, which was a delightful selection, nicely played.

J. L. Slattery, state president of the C. T. A. S., followed with a few remarks. He offered congratulations over the exercises of the evening. He spoke of the fine repuation which the Galesburg division has throughout the state. The ladies' auxiliary here is one of the largest in the state. Besides the object of the freedom of Ireland, Hibernians are organized to protect and assist one anather. There is need of this protection and at the same time we can be good citizens.

He spoke of the union of the Hibernians and the temperance societies. Temperance is on the increase among Irishmen.

An excellent vocal solo by J. W. Flynn was next on the programme. Miss Lizzie Conley played the piano accompaniment.

Miss Inez Barry closed the regular programme with a well-played piano solo.

Mark Conley then responded to repeated calls and sang the dialect song, "The Terrible Marriage." It was a fine song, given with Mr. Conley's characteristic excellence.

Tables were brought in and the young people disposed themselves about the rooms for a social game of cards. It was a delightful social time. Later in the evening refreshments were served.

The committee in charge of the literary programme was J. H. Graham, J. W. Barry, John Killeen, John McLernon, C. J. Kelly and J. W. Graham, of the A. O. H.; Misses Maggie Connerton, Beulah Anawalt, Anna Hurley, Mary Shea, Mary Astle and Kate Coffee, of the ladies' auxiliary.

The committee on refreshments was Miss Annie Hurley, Kate Connerton, Lizzie and Mary Murray and Mary Shea, of the auxiliary.—Galesburg Republican.

Is Maceo Dead?

This is a question which has been asked by many an anxious mind, for, in spite of all the evidence which has been brought to bear, there is still a reasonable doubt of Maceo's death. However, one fact is fully established, and that is the unyielding popularity of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, which continues to grow from day to day. This road, generally known as the Duluth Short Line, is the people's popular route to and between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other points of interest and importance. Its fast, finely equipped trains run smoothly, at hours convenient to the tourist and the business man, and make connections with trains running to all points of the compass. Ticket agents will always cheerfully furnish maps, circulars and general information, or they may be obtained by writing to W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

ENGLAND'S CRUEL WORK.

How She Took Advantage of the Failure of a Single Food Crop to Break the Strength and Spirit of the Irish Nation.

A Most Diabolical Piece of Statesmanship—How the Sultan's Contribution to the Irish Famine Fund Was Cut Down to Suit the Stinginess of Victoria.

In 1848 there occurred one of those artificial famines with which England has depopulated Ireland at short intervals for hundreds of years, but not since the reign of the tiger-hearted Elizabeth had so many people been cruelly doomed to death as in that fatal year. The entire world stood aghast at the dreadful destruction of human life brought on, said the English civilizers, by the failure of the potato crop. True, that failure was general, but no famine should have followed, because never had the Lord given better crops of all the cereals. It was estimated that three times as much food was harvested as would have fed the entire population. Why, then, did the people starve? Because England so decreed. Wheat, barley, oats, beef, mutton and pork were not grown for the people, though they were grown by them. The enormous rents which were exacted by inhuman landlords absorbed the entire products of the farms, except a part of the potato crop, and when that failed famine was the natural consequence. It was, then, rent first and live afterwards, so the crops were seized, sold and exported to fill the insatiable maw of the English cormorant and people whose hard labor had plowed, harrowed, sowed and reaped were condemned to death. The roadsides were lined with homeless people, who had been evicted from their poor huts because they could not perform the miracle of paying rents out of nothing, and before their emaciated faces their own crops were carried away guarded by the bayonets of the enemy.

In a speech delivered by the young Scriptor Tribune, Meagher, in 1847 I find the following export of provisions from Waterford, Cork, Limerick and Belfast from Aug. 1, 1846, to Jan. 1, 1847, five months only: Pork 37,123 barrels, 222,608 flitches of bacon, 388,455 firkins of butter, 1,971 hogsheads of ham, 2,555 tierces of beef, 48,526 barrels of wheat, 443,332 barrels of oats, 12,029 barrels of barley, 7,210 cwts. of oatmeal, 144,185 cwts. of flour, 44,659 pigs, 9,007 cows and 10,288 hogsheads of mutton. And here are a few extracts from another speech or report by the same gentleman: Dr. Corrigan, writing about the deadly fevers in 1846, said no change of weather, climate, condition or circumstances would stay the progress of such fevers, but only the additional supply of food. Mr. P. Scrope said: "It was cruel and impolitic to starve the people down to fever pitch before any assistance was given." The Countess of Gengall, being asked if she was aware of any difficulty which impeded the industry of the female peasantry, answered: "They are perfectly naked as to clothing and perfectly helpless, without any comfort or convenience, or any possible way of getting a living, and the gentry are so used to this kind of distress that it does not shock them. They see people naked, with nothing in the world but a blanket to sleep on, without a bed to lie on, and they are not aware that that is not the usual and proper way for the people to exist." This was in 1824, and the London Chronicle in 1846 said: "The progress of twenty-two years has altered their condition only by stripping them of the blanket which they had in Lady Glengall's time." The agent of Baron Pennefather declared it was miraculous that the people had the patience to live. Another person said he had seen, near Nenagh, seven, eight or nine persons on one heap of straw, without as much as a blanket over them, or any other covering than their rags. All this was previous to the awful year of '47. The scenes of wholesale death and squalid misery which appalled the world during this year would surpass the author of the Inferno to describe. At least a million and a half of people perished of hunger and exposure. And in the train of the famine came the deadly pestilence, which invaded both America and England. Neither the plague, yellow fever nor black vomit swept down their victims with more frightful rapidity. Emigrant ships, crowded with panic-stricken people, became floating lazar houses, and from their decks tens of thousands were flung into the Atlantic, until it was believed that the track from Ireland to America could be found by the bleaching bones of England's hapless victims. Duffy thus describes the appalling catastrophe—

"'Heaven, that tempers ill with good,
when it smote our wonted food
Sent us bounteous growth of grain—
sent to pauper slaves in vain!
We but asked in deadly need: 'Ye that
rule us, let us feed
On the food that's ours.' Behold adder
deaf and icy cold!
Were we, saints of heaven, were we—
how we burn to think it—free,
Not a grain should leave our shore, not
for England's golden store;
They who hunger where it grew—they
whom Heaven has sent it to,
They who reared with sweat of brow—
they, or none, should have it now.'"

But they did not "have it now," nor ever. But in the midst of this horrible devastation the fiendish robbers who had created it were rioting in excess and debauchery. In London's gambling hells and hideous brothels the money which was wrung from the poor and innocent Irish peasantry was squandered with criminal extravagance by their murderers. Nero fiddling while Rome was burning is held up as a very fiend of cruelty, but here were England's land pirates drinking, carousing and "making night hideous" with brutal revelry while a whole nation was perishing of hunger.

America, God bless her big warm heart, out of her abundant stores gave with lavish hands to her suffering kinsfolks. Among the vessels sent to carry her splendid contribution was the old frigate Macedonian, which had been captured from the British in 1812. France, Germany and other countries aided our helpless people; even the much-abused Turk stretched out a helping hand and not in vain either.

A stranger to the horrible facts might suppose that we were describing some devastating pestilence which had followed in the trail of Tamerlane or Zenghis Kahn. He could never imagine that all these woes had been inflicted on an inoffensive people in a time of profound peace, year after year, in the Victorian era; nor could he believe that when it was ascertained that the contribution of the Sultan of Turkey exceeded that of Victoria (the model Queen), that the excess was filched from her starving subjects and returned to the generous Mahomedan, that the world might not know that the Moslem had a more tender heart than she had. If she and her debauched aristocracy had so decreed a million lives might have been saved, but neither she nor they desired to save a single Irish life, and in the presence of God and man they are guilty of this wholesale slaughter of our people, and vengeance will be wreaked upon them or theirs, if not in this generation, then in some generation of the future. It is impossible that this cold-blooded, unparalleled crime of Victoria and her kindred fiends should ever be forgotten while a single Irish heart beats in an Irish bosom. The hideous barbarities of "The Victorian Era" will live in the memories of us and ours until time shall be no more, and her name, along with Elizabeth and Nero and Diocletian and Attila, will be damned to everlasting infamy.

A. L. Morrison.

JOHN GROVES IS DEAD.

Story of the Life of a Well-Known Citizen.

(*Western Laborer, Omaha, Neb., Jan. 9.*)

John Groves passed away on the evening of Jan. 5, after a few months' illness. He was popular in this community, and among those who knew him best his sterling worth was much appreciated. In his death his family has received a severe blow in the loss of a kind husband and father, Omaha a good citizen and Ireland one of her most earnest, tried and faithful workers for her emancipation from English rule.

A SKETCH OF HIM.

John Groves was born in county of Down, Ulster, Ireland, but his mother, a widow, now deceased, removed to the city of London to live, though still possessing her little home in the village of Clough, Down county. Here Groves became clerk in a large tea, coffee and spice importing house, such as are found in British cities. The attention of the writer was first called to him, in 1867, when he (Groves) was arrested for what was called the "Bloomsbury Square murder" by the newspapers of that time.

John Groves, like many patriotic Irishmen of that time, had joined the I. R. B., or the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, known as Fenians in the United States, and, like many other kindred spirits of the time, was anxious to acquire a military education at her Britannic majesty's expense. This led him to join the London Irish Rifle brigade, a local volunteer force, in which he became proficient enough in a short time to be promoted to the rank of sergeant.

Those were stirring times with "the old guard" in England and Ireland. The government was at its wits end and more alarmed by this "movement" than any which had preceded it in the history of Irish conspiracies since English connection. At this time there were quite a number of Irish-American officers who had served in both the Federal and Confederate armies during the late rebellion visiting in England and Ireland, and some Irish-American officers from the regular army had "visited" Ireland on furlough.

In the course of his duties as an officer of the I. R. B., Groves met many of our well-known army officers in London and Paris, among whom were Col. Ricard O'S. Burke, Capt. P. J. Condon of the Irish brigade and many others, who all held Groves in high estimation.

Mr. Groves was subsequently accused of having shot an informer, named McDowell, in the streets of London. This accusation put him to a great deal of trouble, but he was finally acquitted of the charge. George Francis Train was greatly instrumental in this result. When Mr. Groves came to America, Mr. Train gave him several useful letters of introduction to friends in Omaha, and he became a successful business man in this city. He made a vast number of friends in Omaha and throughout the country, who appreciated him for the good that was in him, his honest record and his sterling manhood. He had a certain brusqueness of manner peculiar to the people of his province, Ulster, where they always say just what they mean. This characteristic gave him a gruff exterior to those who didn't understand him, but no man ever had a warmer or more reliable friend than John Groves to those worthy of friendship. He was among the most trusted in the councils of his compatriots, and he gave the best years of his life to steady, earnest work for the freedom of his native land, which, in his death, loses an untiring champion of her rights, and his adopted country and flag has lost a loyal American citizen.

May the turf lay light upon his true heart.

DR. AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

Austin O'Malley, Ph. D., LL. D., M. D., the lecturer, scritic, essayist, novelist and poet, now Professor of English literature at the University of Notre Dame, delivered a stereoptican lecture on Dante's "Paradise" on the evening of Jan. 13 at the Sheridan club.

Dr. O'Malley was born in Pennsylvania Oct. 1, 1858. He was graduated at Fordham, Georgetown, the Czechish University of Prague, the universities of Berlin, Rome and Vienna. He studied medicine in America, Germany and Austria, and has written many able articles on the antitoxins. After his return from Europe the last time, and before he was called to the chair of literature at the University of Notre Dame, he was commissioned bacteriologist by the United States government to the District of Columbia. As a professor of literature he has proved himself a worthy successor of Stoddard and Egan.

Hugh O'Neill, of the Chicago bar, a man of literary attainments and who knows O'Malley well, speaking of him as a critic and writer, says: "In criticism France has her M. Saint Beauve England her Matthew Arnold: ten years from now Austin O'Malley will be to our country what Beauve is to France what Arnold is to England. O'Malley has not yet written as many fine critiques as either of the other two, but he is only 38 years old, and much of his time has been spent in universities, research and travel. O'Malley is one of the finest scholars of the age. Classics and the modern languages he knows as well as he knows English. He has received the highest culture of the universities of America, Italy, Germany and Austria. His versatility is remarkable and his education many-sided. While he has a reputation as a bacteriologist, and is recognized as a medical authority on the antitoxins, he is at his best in literature, and especially in Dantean literature. He is to Danteism what Prof. Edward Douden, of Dublin, is to the literature of Shakespeary—the greatest authority of the age. He has a thorough knowledge of Dante's exquisite coloration, art and philosophy. Seven years spent among the people of sunny Italy prepared his mind for a study of the 'Inferno,' the 'Comedie' and 'Paradise.'"

The Irish Element in Prose and Poesy.

This age of ours is, without a doubt, a highly cultured one. Whether it is more so than any other may be disputed. To our time, at least, belongs the greatest universality of appreciation for literary effort. There is established today, an aristocracy of intellect, within whose privileged ranks men of all races and tongues are admitted, if they present the proper credentials. And there never was before, a time in which the desire was so general to fill what Byron calls, "a certain portion of uncertain paper;" to occupy a seat in the gallery of the immortals. In the consequent hurry and rush, there is apt to be wrong done, and the deserving jostled aside or trampled on, and forgotten, at least, temporarily. This is peculiarly true of the Irish element in the race for fame in prose and poesy. The English speaking world, through the medium of which alone, it was possible for Irish effort to be appreciated, had, at least until within a very few years, never considered the notion that Ireland possessed a distinct national literature of her own: a literature that is elevated and elegant, as well as luxuriant, and which needs but to be known to take a high place in the estimation of the good and the wise. As a simple matter of fact, the ordinary English or American critic of today complacently regards Irish literature as a Nazareth out of which no "good" is to be expected. Nevertheless, the student who brings the least spark of sympathy to the study will find in the Ballad Poetry of Ireland, much to marvel at, to admire and to love.—Rev. Wm. Dollard, in Donahoe's.

"I Have Taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for the past ten years for rheumatism and blood spots that broke out on my body and it has given me great relief."—John Wright, 604 Ducat Block, South Evanston, Ill.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic.

Model of Ocean Liners.

The Cunard Steamship Company, corner Clark and Randolph streets, has received from its home office in Liverpool, for permanent exhibition in Chicago, the magnificent model of the latest Cunarders "Campania" and "Lucania," which formed the centre of their exhibition in the Transportation Building at the World's Fair. This beautiful model, inclosed in a very handsome hardwood case, elaborately carved, fifteen feet long, five feet high and nearly three feet wide, is complete in every detail, and the finest specimen of this kind of work ever brought to Chicago, the cost being a trifle over $10,000. Mr. F. G. Whiting, Western Manager for the Cunard company, extends to the general public a cordial invitation to call and inspect this magnificent piece of workmanship.—Extract from Chicago Times-Herald, Dec. 24, 1896.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 23, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. N. C. Goodwin in "An American Citizen."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Old Homestead."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—DeWolf Hopper.

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Heart of Maryland.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Francis Wilson in "Half a King."

CLIFFGRD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"Zenda's King."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE NEW FEATURE OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

We publish elsewhere a manifesto to the Irish race issued by the officers of the [illegible] of the manifesto is all right, but we have little faith that Lord Castletown, or any other lord, will become "the Washington of Ireland." Castletown may be all right himself, but we have precious little faith in the majority of his colleagues—unless it benefits them, or, at least costs them nothing, to be patriots.

We are willing to admit, however, that the experiences of the last twenty years may have caused many of the Irish aristocrats and landholders to seriously pause and ponder on the condition of their native country. Time was, within our own memory, when a bullock was a much more important personage—if so we may designate one of the brute creation—than a tenant farmer, in the eyes of an Irish landlord or big grazier. Yearlings and calves were much more desirable, according to the ethics of those worthies, than Irish boys and girls. An English Lord Lieutenant, of the "deludherin'" type, proclaimed that nature had designed Ireland not to be the fruitful mother of a prosperpous and contented people, but, rather, "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds." Who applauded Lord Carlisle, when he uttered the foregoing sentiment at the Dublin Cattle Show in 1863? The Irish aristocrats. Beef, mutton and bacon then commanded fancy prices, and the small holdings of the poor people became offensive in the eyes of the land monopolists, because their existence debarred the possibility of a greater extension of flocks and herds. They resolved to clear them off the soil, and they were shoveled off by the myriad—as the preceding generation had been by the million. But, behold! Nemesis was on the track of the despoilers. The English system of free trade debarred Ireland from protecting herself against either Great Britain, America or any other country. Great Britain exported wholesale to Ireland and bursted the Irish manufacturers—except a feeble few—long before the great famine and the great clearances were heard of. American dressed meat and canned stuff poured unchecked into Great Britain and Ireland about the time the Irish exodus to the United States began to show a marked decrease. This proved a blessing to the British masses, employed in manufacturing, for it gave them cheap meat; but it proved the ruination of the Irish landlords, because it lowered the price of the animal product of Ireland. To the bulk of the Irish people it made small difference either way, because, between the English and the landlords, sustained by the English, they had no money left wherewith to purchase meat, whether cheap or dear. Gradually, the Irish landlords began to discover that the destruction of a people in order to make way for cattle, was a losing game. The English laughed at their complaints when prices fell, for is it not an English free trade maxim to buy where you can buy lowest, and sell where you can sell highest? The English did not feel called upon to pay the Irish landlords fancy prices for their beef and mutton and pork, when they could obtain excellent substitutes from America at much less cost.

The thinking men among the aristocrats of Ireland have, accordingly, begun to perceive that the perpetuation of English rule means their final ruin. The excessive taxation of Ireland, against which present complaint is made, is only one of many grievances that vex the souls of Irish property owners. They find their individual and collective importance diminished. They see their country, once numerically more than a third of the so-called United Kingdom, now less than one-seventh, and, in point of wealth, less than one-twentieth. They begin to see the game England has played and is playing for the extermination of the Irish people root and branch, peer and peasant. Before the prospect of a country rapidly becoming uninhabited they stand appalled. Of what value is land when there are no people to till it? How can cattle supply the place of people when the price of their meat is less than the cost of production?

The Irish aristocrats have been drunk with selfishness, greed and bigotry. A season of adversity has tamed their pride and given them a longer vision into futurity. If the present conditions in Ireland are to be perpetuated, it will be only a comparatively few years when the country will be merely a graveyard, sentinelled by empty churches, crumbling into ruin, like those which the torches of Elizabeth and the cannon of Cromwell and Ireton destroyed. This terrible vision has appalled them. Even the Orange fools and fanatics cannot help beholding the beginning of the end. They must see this much, at least: If English rule continues unchecked for two more generations, there will be an end of Ireland, Orange and Green alike. It is written in the book of fate—unless a change occurs, and that speedily.

The conditions in Ireland today are infinitely more distressing, from a national standpoint, and from a material one as well, than they were in 1780-82, when Grattan and the volunteers obtained temporary relief by the implied threat of an appeal to arms. There were about as many people in Ireland then as now—with this difference: The flower of the country's population still remained within its shores—not merely, in the main, the very old and the very young, as at present. Ireland then [illegible] magnificent physical force. It is true the Catholics were not emancipated, but they were all the better Irishmen on that account, and they were ready to swell the ranks of their armed Protestant fellow-countrymen, in the cause of Irish independence, at the first call to arms. *Then* they were capable of commanding respect. Now? We fear Lord Castletown's allusion to Boston and her tea party was but a dream—an oratorical phantom—of 1872.

However, any condition would be better than the intolerable one of slavish submission to brazen-faced oppression. There is philosophy in the poet's lines—

And they whose very best was shame,
From first to last alike,
May take, at length, a loftier aim
And struggle,—since it is the same
To suffer or to strike!

SENATOR WILLIAM E. MASON.

The Senatorial wrangle at Springfield finally settled itself on Tuesday night by the selection of the Hon. William E. Mason, of Chicago, as the choice of the Republican caucus, which is, of course, an election. Gov. Altgeld will receive the complimentary vote of the Democratic minority. This fight evolved many episodes of bitterness—Alderman Madden suffering most in the contest. Chicago was entitled to the Senator and we think Mr. Mason is an excellent choice. He is thoroughly a National American—not an Anglo-American—by descent, tradition, training and in sentiment. He is a very able speaker, but, like the late Sunset Cox, has an ever bubbling fountain of humor, which has led many erroneously to suppose that he is not a man of deep feeling and of solid acquirement. In this they are mistaken. Mr. Mason is a man of first-class ability and will make a clear-headed, patriotic Senator—one who will defend the national honor and keep, so far as in him lies, the country free from entangling alliances and other forms of truckling to foreign and monarchical powers. THE CITIZEN congratulates Mr. Mason, most sincerely, on his victory. There is only one other Chicagoan that it would have preferred before him—a man who, like himself, worked hard for his party, and has demonstrated his ability both in business and politics. Had the gentleman we allude to, Mr. John M. Smyth, been a candidate, we have no doubt he would have succeeded in winning the toga.

DEATH OF MR. DINEEN.

We deeply regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Michael Dineen, editor of the Southern Cross of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, whose visit to Ireland was noted in the personal columns of the Irish papers of recent date. Mr. Dineen died at the residence of his brother-in-law in Bandon, County Cork, about three weeks ago. The deceased journalist was the third son of the late Charles Dineen of Michelmane, Kilbrittain, County Cork. Having had the advantages of a thorough education in Ireland, he quickly achieved success in Buenos Ayres. His paper was the leading Catholic organ in South America, and its lamented editor was in many ways a generous benefactor of the Catholic church. The Irish colony of Buenos Ayres—a numerous and influential body—has good reason to mourn the loss of one of its brightest and bravest members. THE CITIZEN deeply sympathizes with them in their grief at the taking from among them of such a friend and champion as Mr. Dineen proved himself.

OUR MERCHANT MARINE.

We again call attention to the importance of the bill which has been introduced into the senate by the able and patriotic senator from West Virginia, Mr. Elkins, having for its object the levying of discriminating duties on foreign ships trading with America. In an article written for The South American Review, by Mr. J. H. Heaton, a member of the British parliament, we find the following remarkable and truthful statement: "As a consequence of refusing to pay $5,000,000 a year in subsidies during thirty years to native shipowners, or $150,000,000 in all, the United States has had to pay, in the same period, no less than $3,000,000,000 for freights, while her mercantile marine has dwindled to insignificance." This exceedingly frank Englishman might have added, with equal truth, that this enormous amount, which would have paid our entire national debt, was made a free gift to England by Anglo-American free-traders, who have thus thrown out of employment tens of thousands of American workingmen and given steady work to an equal number of Englishmen. In addition to this, it should not be forgotten that the destruction of our shipping, which Mr. Heaton refers to, has destroyed the great nursery from which our national navy would have been supplied with sailors. We are now reaping the fatal results of this suicidal policy in the almost impossible efforts which are being made to man the ships of our new navy, and it is pertinent to ask. In the event of war, and a large and sudden demand for ships, where seamen could be found to man them?

In this connection it will not be out of place to remark, that for ninety-five years England has overtaxed the Irish people £2,500,000 per annum, or about $1,187,500,000, since the union. And people wonder why England is the creditor country of the world. There is this difference, however, between the cases stated: England, like the pirate she is, deliberately and wickedly robbed Ireland with force and arms, while a part of the American people just as deliberately and more wickedly robbed their own country for England's benefit, and they "stole the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in," by declaring that their traitorous policy was patriotic and praiseworthy.

We notice that England has servile tools in the senate, who, to hide their own subserviency to our great rival, are charging Senator Elkins with selfish motives, but he can well afford to be misrepresented by such men when our greatest statesmen can be quoted in his defense. The great author of the Declaration of Independence said on this subject in 1793: "It is true that we must expect some inconvenience in practice from the establishment of discriminating duties. But in this, as in many other cases, we are left to choose between two evils. But these inconveniences are nothing when wighed against the loss of wealth and the loss of force which will follow our lack of perseverance in the plan of discrimination. It is not to the moderation and justice of others we are to trust for fair and equal success to market with our productions, or for our due share in the transportation of them, but in our own means of independence and the firm will to use them."

In his memorable answer to Mr. Gladstone in 1890, the ever-lamented Blaine said: "It will not escape Mr. Gladstone's keen observation, that British interests in navigation flourish with less rivalry and have increased in greater proportion than any other of the great interests of the United Kingdom. I ask his candid admission that it is the one interest which England has steadily and determinedly protected, regardless of consistency and regardless of expense. Nor will Mr. Gladstone fail to note that navigation is the weakest of the great interests of the United States, because it is the one which the national government has consistently refused to protect. If since the civil war the United States had spent in protecting her shipping merely the annual interest on the great sum which England has expended to protect her ocean traffic, American fleets would now be rivaling the fleets of England, as they rivaled them before the war, on every sea where the prospect of commercial gain invites the American flag."

Like all of Mr. Blaine's reasonings, this is conclusive and leaves nothing more to be said on the points he touches. But neither Mr. Gladstone nor the opponents of Mr. Elkin's bill desire to see "the fleets of America rivaling the fleets of England as they rivaled them before the war," but they do desire to see England outrival us on both sea and land. If this bill fails it will be another strong reason for improving the personnel of the senate by electing senators by popular vote direct.

THEY DISCUSS THE ENGLISH TREATY.

(By Underground Wire.)

Scene—Executive Office, White House, Washington, D. C. Dramatis Personæ, Grover Cleveland, Richard Olney, Daniel Lamont, Messengers, etc.

G. C. (savagely)—So, Olney, our treaty with England, God bless her! hangs fire in the Senate! Disgusting!

Olney—Very disgusting!

Lamont—D—d disgusting!

G. C.—I thought Hawley would raise a fuss. You can't bet on these wooden nutmeg fellows.

Olney—That's what they say of us.

Lamont—The newspapers, too, are beginning to bark against the treaty. I hold in my hand a copy of THE CITIZEN, published in Chicago, which has an account of our last meeting, when we informally discussed the matter. I wonder how the devil they got hold of it.

Olney—THE CITIZEN! That's that d—d Irish organ published by—

G. C.—Never mind, Olney. You know we can do nothing with the newspapers. Gilchrist is in Chicago to look after anything libelous, and there, too, is Wash Hesing. Wash will look after THE CITIZEN, never you fear.

Olney—But here's "Joe" Medill's paper, too. I thought we had all the Chicago dailies solid.

G. C.—Well, you see, Medill isn't a candidate for the English mission. All the other Republican editors in Chicago are.

Lamont (sadly)—They'd never fill our dear friend Bayard's shoes.

Olney—No, but some of them might go near filling his ear muffs. You seem very much in love with Tom Bayard.

G. C.—Kohlsaat is one of those d—d aggresive Americans. I hope he won't be appointed.

Olney—But he backs the treaty.

G. C.—Oh, that's only for policy sake—to throw a soft sop to John Bull.

Enter a Messenger—Your excellency, the Secretary of the Navy wishes audience.

G. C.—Let him enter.

Enter, Secretary Herbert.

G. C.—Well, Herbert, we haven't seen you for some time. What news from the outside?

Herbert—This new treaty with England is raising h—. People say we are about to ally ourselves with our greatest and only enemy, and turn our backs on all our friends. They say that George Washington, in his farewell address, warned us to beware of entangling al—

G. C.—George Washington! A back number!

Olney—Quite a back number!

Lamont—Very much of a back number!

Herbert—Well, gentlemen, that may be your opinion, but there are still some Americans left who honor the memory of George Washington. But there are other reasons against this treaty. For example, out of gratitude to France—

G. C.—Gratitude! Why, Herbert, you are confoundedly old-fashioned!

Olney—Very old-fashioned!

Lamont—D—d old-fashioned!

Herbert—That may be, gentlemen, but nations remember these things. France came to our aid when we had few friends, and when England was cutting the throats—

G. C.—England cutting throats! Preposterous!

Olney—How very vulgah!

Lamont—D—d ridiculous!

Herbert—I cannot take notice of your very extraordinary observations, gentlemen, while we are in the executive office, but outside of it, I do not hold myself bound to brook—

G. C.—A thousand apologies, my dear Herbert.

Olney—I meant no offense whatever, I assure you!

Lamont—My remarks were simply called forth by the very charming freshness of your sentiments!

Herbert—Your excuses are accepted, but I'm going to have my say in this business. People observe that, at the time of the Trent affair, in which, by the way, my section was considerably interested, as well as your own, the Russians sent a fleet here to hold up your hands in case England attacked. Now, I opine, that ordinary courtesy to the Russians—

G. C.—Courtesy to the Russians! What a Quixotic suggestion!

Olney—Very Quixotic!

Lamont—D—d Quixotic!

Herbert—Since this is the spirit in which my remarks are received—

G. C.—Oh, I beg your pardon!

Olney—And I.

Lamont—Me, too.

G. C.—The fact is, my dear Herbert, there's no use in talking about Russian friendship as weighed against the English alliance. Russia is a barbaric country. Her treatment of political prisoners—

Herbert—Stop right there! Did or did not England blow the captured Sepoys from the mouths of her guns in 1858?

G. C.—That may have been, but you see the interests of British civilization—

Herbert—Yes, the "civilization" that let loose the Indians in the Valley of Wyoming—

G. C.—Ancient history!

Olney—Very ancient!

Lamont—D—d ancient!

Herbert—Well, then, to come down a little later, didn't England confine our prisoners of war in disease infected hulks—

G. C.—More ancient history!

Olney—Sadly ancient!

Lamont—Absolutely blue-molded!

Herbert—So were our men, who died of starvation in the hulks. Who was it that drove us to war in 1812, by insisting on the right of search, till she was brought to reason by Perry, McDonough and Andrew Jackson—

G. C.—All back numbers!

Olney—Far back numbers!

Lamont—Way back numbers!

Herbert—Well, I see this is no place for true Americans. I'll go back to my department.

G. C.—True Americans! Why, he means, of course, the vulgar classes!

Olney—He speaks like a Socialist!

Lamont—Or a red-handed Anarchist!

Herbert—You (to Lamont) will answer to me for this language later on. I'm off!

G. C.—Oh, before you go, don't you think you're forcing the navy along too fast?

Herbert—Not at all. I intended to have it ready for the English, when they attempt to grab the Alaskan gold fields, but now, instead, I suppose we'll have to fight all England's enemies, when this alliance is perfected. The first time England gets into a war, the rest of Europe, and probably Japan as well, will fall upon us!

G. C.—There never will be any more war. Victoria and I will settle that. We'll be all as a band of brothers. Arbitration will fix everything. King Oscar as umpire—

Herbert—King Oscar! The grandson of Bernadotte! The House of Ponte Corvo betrayed its creator. Is it likely to favor a Republic when a Monarchy disputes a point with us? I rather reckon not.

Olney—But Oscar, King Oscar, is such a love of a man!

Lamont—A perfect angel of a man! (sings)

In the North Sea lives a whale—
Big of bone and strong of tail
And oh, and oh-oh, oh, oh, oh
He loves the English so!

This whale used unduly
To swagger and bully—
And oh, and oh-oh, oh, oh, oh!
The English love him so!

G. C.—Stockholm is on the Baltic, Dan.

Lamont—Well, the North Sea is near enough.

Herbert—Do you remember the fable of the monkey and the disputing cats? Well, it was this way: The cats, which were of an enterprising turn of mind—something like their kinsman, the British Lion—found a large piece of cheese, which, quite British like, they proceeded to appropriate. It was agreed that it should be broken into two equal parts, and so divided between the finders. This was done, but the arrangement didn't prove satisfactory. While they were in dispute over the division, a smart monkey of their acquaintance happened along and asked what the trouble was. They explained. He suggested that they appoint him as umpire to settle the difficulty. The cats preferred to arbitrate rather than fight, and so the monkey became judge. Holding the two pieces of cheese in his paws, he proclaimed that one was larger than the other, and so bit a part of the larger one off to make both even. Then he professed that he had made a mistake—had bitten off too much of one and so must cut down the other. This he did until all the cheese was devoured. Then he skipped up a tree and made faces at the deluded cats. See the point?

G. C.—A chestnut!

Olney—The worst kind of a chestnut!

Lamont—A most bare-faced chestnut!

Herbert—It may be a trifle stale, but you had better digest it, or the country will soon be calling you to account. The masses, when they thoroughly understand the question, will not stand this English alliance. It is uncalled for and unnatural!

G. C.—Oh, you're a man of war!

Olney—Yes, he's a man of war!

Lamont—A mighty man of war!

Herbert—No, gentlemen, but I am building men-of-war—at least I am superintending their construction, and I hope they will be ever ready to defend the honor of this country. An English alliance! Look at Ireland! Look at India!—with hideous famine and Black Death—the plague that depopulated London in the days of Charles II—scourging it! Rely upon it, my friends, England is trying to use us to rake her chestnuts out of the fire. None but a greenhorn (looking at Olney) would have been taken in by her. Think over what I have said, gentlemen, and au revoir! (Exit Herbert).

G. C.—Herbert's all worked up!

Olney—Just think of it, and an ex-rebel, too!

Lamont—The ex-Confeds pretend they are better patriots than we are! You remember old Longstreet's speech at the Chickamauga celebration?

Olney—Yes, about "the Rebel yell and Yankee huzza, sounding on the British coast!"

G. C.—It makes my blood run cold!

Olney—I wonder, Grover, if your—ahem—"representative" ever ran across Herbert or Longstreet in the field?

G. C.—Damfino—I have no use for war anyhow. All my wife's male relations are welcome to go in my place!

Olney—War, war, horrid war!

Lamont—It seems to me, Olney, you're taking liberties with my department.

Olney—Beg pardon, my dear fellow.

G. C.—There goes that baby again! I must be off!

Olney—Come back—come back, you've forgotten something.

G. C.—What is it?

Olney—The nursing bottle!

[Exit G. C. blushing violently and singing "Baby Mine."]

RELEASE OF IVORY.

The English government withdrew its charge of conspiracy against Edward J. Ivory, of New York, in London on Wednesday and the prisoner was liberated. He will immediately accompany his able counsel, the Hon. John F. McIntyre, to the United States. It is claimed in London that the government was afraid—it would be ashamed of nothing—to put the spy and informer, "Jones," on the stand, because there were many Irish witnesses to be brought forward by the defense who would swear that the scoundrel approached them with propositions to use explosives in several places. Besides, the goverment had no case whatever—except what was trumped up—against Ivory, and had no longer any excuse to detain him in prison. So ends the latest Scotland Yard conspiracy.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS.

One of the most important social events of the season will be the twenty-first annual military reception and ball to be given by the First and Second Battalions of the Clan-na-Gael Guards at Battery "D" armory on Saturday evening, January 30. This magnificent body of men, commanded by Major Reilly, will turn out on the Irish national holiday in full strength, and will, by their soldierly bearing and fine appearance, reflect credit on the Irish cause and the Irish-American people, as usual. It is desired by their officers that they be thoroughly appointed in every respect, and we hope that the attendance at the reception will be such as to give practical demonstration of the high regard in which the Guards are held by the people of their own blood in this city. We hope to see the great hall crowded on the evening of January 30 with the fair women and brave men of Irish birth and lineage. The Clan-na-Gael Guards and their able officers deserve well of their kindred in this city, and we feel that they will have good reason to congratulate themselves on the unprecedented success of the coming entertainment.

NOTICE.

We have repeatedly requested local Irish patriotic, benevolent and religious organizations to send us their reports early in the week, if they wished them to appear in the current issue of THE CITIZEN. Owing to non-compliance with our request, we are obliged to hold over several interesting A. O. H. and other reports until next issue.

THE English press has been unusually insolent toward all who participated in the recent meetings held in Ireland to protest against over-taxation. Lord Castletown, writing to the London Times, says: "I think every one in England must be sorry for the violent taunts and sneers leveled at all sections of Irishmen, because for once they have been united in making what is supposed to be a legitimate demand for their countrymen. Because we in Ireland are beginning to realize the necessity of united action we are sneered at and abused."

A DISPATCH from Washington, dated Monday, says: "The President today sent to the Senate the following nominations: Col. Thomas C. Sullivan, Assistant Commissary-General of the Subsistence Department, to be Brigadier-General and Commissary-General of Subsistence; Capt. L. H. Rucker, Ninth Cavalry, to be Major; Capt. Eli L. Huggins, Second Cavalry, to be Major; First Lieut. P. P. Powell, Ninth Cavalry, to be Captain; First Lieut. L. M. Powell, Second Cavalry, to be Captain; First Lieut. James B. Jackson, Seventh Cavalry, to be Captain."

MRS. M. J. CORBOY, No. 97 MacAlister place, entertained at a progressive euchre party Friday afternoon. The hostess was assisted by Mmes. P. H. Heffron, W. B. Smith and Joseph Hogan, and by Misses Mullaney, Garvey, Lonergan, Ward and Brady.

THE Columbus club held its annual meeting Tuesday and elected the following officers for 1897: President, Jas. J. Egan; First Vice-President, Michael W. Phelan; Second Vice-President, John C. Schubert; Secretary, Thomas J. Rooney; Treasurer, H. R. Eagle; Directors, David F. Bremner, Daniel B. Scully, Edward Long, Joseph Donnersberger, J. Ward Amberg and Adam J. Weckler.

THE British parliament assembled on Tuesday, and the alleged "Queen's speech" was read to "Lords and Commons." It was, as usual, among the dullest of documents. Allusion of a complimentary nature were made to the Cleveland-Olney sell-out treaty of arbitration. There were a few words about Egypt and the famine in India. Ireland is dismissed with the promise of an "agricultural bill." Only that and nothing more. The Irish parliamentary people moved amendments to the address on the subject of the over-taxation of Ireland and other matters.

THE REIGN OF VICTORIA.

Britons will be jubilant this year over the celebration of Queen Victoria's rule, the longest in their history. We give an Englishman's view of the event, taken from the columns of the Referee. We also give ours.—Dublin Freeman.

VICTORIA, 1837—1897.

List, Britons all, who fain would hear
  the record of our Queen,
And how three score of prosperous years
  her glorious reign hath seen;
How, year to year, in peace and war,
  our flag has led the way,
With "Victoria" as the motto that its
  waving fold display.
Unfold, great flag of England, and
  blazon out this name!
No monarch with such length of years
  e'er won such peerless fame.
In 1837 she came, a maiden fair and
  young;
In '38 to tell her deeds the far-voiced
  wires found tongue.
Aden in 1839 was added to her sway.
Next year Prince Albert partnered her
  for many a happy day.

. . . . . .

For Wellington in '52 both Queen and
  nation wept,
Then o'er our heads in '54 the Russian
  war wave swept,
When names like Alma, Inkerman, and
  the Balaclava Charge
The roll of British victories on a tear-
  stained page enlarge.
But of this reign 'tis '57 has saddest tale
  to tell,
When thrilled that wail of massacre
  from Cawnpore's ghastly well,
Till the avenging lion slew the cruel
  tiger's hate,
And Queen, not Company, held sway in
  1858.

. . . . . .

The Fenians and the Cattle Plague
  graced 1865,
Next year we see a Cable 'neath the
  deep Atlantic dive.
In '67 a great Reform increased our na-
  tion's votes,
And '68 the victory at Magdala denotes.

. . . . . .

Coomassie falls in '74; and then in '76
Our motto's "Vivat India, et nostra
  Imperatrix!"
At Berlin "Peace and Honor" came in
  1878,
The fierce Afghan and wild Zulu met
  with our foemen's fate.
In '81 dishonor came, a bitter cup to
  fill,
And statesmen left the lasting stain of
  dark Majuba Hill.

. . . . . .

By '86 our soldiers found "The road to
  Mandaly,"
In '87 our Mother Queen had fifty years
  held sway.
Hail, Country, Councils '88! Ha! Stan-
  ley, '89!
In '92 loved Clarence fell from out our
  royal line,
To British arms in '95 Chitral fresh
  laurels gave:
From cruel Turk in '96 went up a cry
  to save.
But, weal or woe, from pole to pole,
  where'er our flag is seen,
Rings out that heartfelt British prayer,
  "God save our Gracious Queen."

A SONG FOR ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

[The present reign has been the most disastrous for Ireland since that of Elizabeth, as the following statistics show: Died of famine, 1,225,000; number evicted, 3,688,000; number of emigrants, 4,186,000.—Mulhall's Fifty Years of National Progress.]

From pole to pole they're scattered,
  The gallant sons of Ireland's race,
Who scorned proud England's fetters
  And laughed in danger's scowling
  face;
Who sought to raise with pike in hand
  Their dear old flag of stainless green,
So long in slavery's shadows banned—
  But here's a song for England's
  Queen!

On England's felon scaffolds
  In Ireland's name our father's died;
Oh! never once they faltered,
  But met their fate with martyr's
  pride!
Or when our streams ran red with
  blood,
  With fearless front and dauntless
  mien,
They died by hill and stream and
  wood—
  Yet here's a song for England's
  Queen!

What though three million corpses,
  With staring eyeballs, vainly call
For vengeance on the spoilers
  Who hold our helpless land in thrall;
What, though on many a foreign shore
  Our paupers' stoneless graves are
  seen—
Yet England reigns for evermore,
  So here's a song to praise her Queen.

Oh! by the truths they taught us,
  The gallant men of Forty-Eight;
The burning songs of Davis,
  And fearless Mitchel's felon fate;
And by the Fenians' eager hand,
  That longed to grasp the sabre keen,
And sweep her minions from the land,
  We'll sing a song to England's
  Queen.

Choke back your withering curses,
  And let your blood run calm and cold
When Cromwell's praise is sung you
  Or Tone's defiant tale be told,
And let the mantling blush of shame
  Upon your Irish cheeks be seen
Whene'er you name your Emmet's
  name—
  And sing the praise of England's
  Queen.

Hark! joining in the chorus
  Our martyred millions lift their voice,
And perjured Cosbie's victims
  Round Mullaghmast's dark mound
  rejoice;
We've men from Aughrim and the
  Boyne,
  From Wexford hill and valley green,
Our slavish song of praise to join
  To England's great and glorious
  Queen.

Oh! ye who toil in Ireland,
  Speak boldly for the praise ye owe,
From Kerry's wasted valleys
  To Donegal's dark homes of woe,
For long, long years of crime and
  shame,
  Of fraud and wrong, her reign has
  been,
Of true men murdered in the name
  And 'neath the seal of England's
  Queen.

X.

ST. ELIZABETH'S COURT, C. O. F.

In the presence of a large and distinguished gathering of South Side citizens, the newly elected officers of St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22, C. O. F., were duly installed on Thursday evening, Jan. 14, at Sivore's hall, Forty-third and State streets, by Thomas McEnerny, Chief Ranger for the State of Illinois. After the installation, P. F. McCarthy, the newly elected Chief Ranger, in a very eoloquent and appropriate speech, thanked his brethren for the high honor they had conferred upon him, and closed by saying that his first official act was a very pleasant one, being requested to announce that the numerous friends of the retiring Chief Ranger, J. W. Dowd, had decided to present him with a small token of their esteem and admiration for the brilliant record he achieved in increasing the roll of membership of their Court from 64 to 270 by his own energy and perseverance during the three years he so faithfully served as their presiding officer.

State Chief Ranger McEnerny was called upon to make the presentation speech, which he did in his own pleasing and inimitable manner. As he uncovered a handsome little box and drew therefrom a solid gold watch, inlaid with diamonds, together with a solid gold chain and charm, suitably engraved, and presented them to the surprised, but happy recipient, the delighted audience jumped to their feet and made the very rafters shake with their repeated applause. For a few moments Mr. Dowd, who was then the cynosure of every eye, stood amazed and bewildered, his genial face radiant with smiles as usual, but shortly recovered his composure sufficiently to feelingly thank his generous friends for their magnificent and totally unexpected present.

Father McGavick, the Court Chaplain, also paid a glowing tribute of praise to the retiring Chief Ranger, to whose indefatigable efforts he attributed the phenomenal growth and prosperity of St. Elizabeth's Court [illegible] the past few years. Father Crimmins, of St. Anne's, in response to repeated calls for a speech, expressed his delight at the happy scene he was privileged to witness that evening, and hoped that the zeal and fidelity which actuated and inspired the retiring Chief Ranger to make St. Elizabeth's the banner Court of the Order in Illinois, would be an incentive to his worthy successor, P. F. McCarthy, to hand it over in due time to his brethren with its escutcheon unsullied, with its lustre undimmed, and its glory more resplendent than ever. Speeches were also made by F. Cronkrite, V. C. R.; C. Bryerton, Treasurer, and others, after which the meeting adjourned, with best wishes for the continued success of St. Elizabeth's Court, and its uncrowned king, Jeremiah W. Dowd.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

A Most Worthy Educational Organization—A Wide Field for Good Work.

A writer ("Conn E. Mara") in a recent issue of the New World called attention to the class of literary entertainments too often promoted by societies and clubs closely affiliated with the Irish people, and often with the Catholic church. "Conn E. Mara" struck the proper keynote in his letter when he appealed to the Irish people here to oppose and cry down the class of entertainments where mimicry and mockery of the Irish people furnish most of the attractiveness on the programme. Such entertainments are but one of the many ways whereby the artful members of our race endeavor to attain popularity at the expense of every self-respecting Irishman or Irish woman. The above writer has given a very convincing illustration of the detrimental and almost sacriligeous tendencies of such entertainments. Heaven knows it is bad enough to have the "typical" Irishman represented in a dime museum as an individual with hob-nailed boots, rough red hair and beard, a blackthorn stick, a bottle of whisky, an unconquerable tendency to fight, and the greatest possible combination of ignorance, doggedness and general repulsiveness, without having our educated and intelligent people accessories themselves to such a hideous, deplorable and misrepresenting practice.

It is more than inexplicable how people—Irish people—will attend such entertainments, pay admission, and actually applaud those scenes and dialogues that bring the blush of shame to every intelligent person. Notwithstanding the fact that our people are gifted with a supernatural wit, intelligence and repartee; that their national music and poetry are the most beautiful; that our history is replete with the deeds of heroes and the lives of martyrs, and that the average Irishman is, perhaps, superior, mentally and morally, to any of his foreign contemporaries, still we find societies of an offensive nature living easily, while those devoted to the development of the higher and nobler traits of character have a hard time to exist.

There are, perhaps, few organizations in this city where the Irish-American boy or girl is afforded a better opportunity of coming in contact with the better and more representative element of their Irish brethren, and where they are more free from the low level of heart-rending vulgarity that in some places is provided, than in the meeting hall of the Irish-American Lyceum. The Lyceum is a literary organization, established about three years ago, to promote the literary and social welfare of the Irish and Irish-Americans of Chicago. Its membership today includes many of the most influential and prominent local business and professional men, and while the bars of membership are not raised against anyone, still an exercise of diligence is ever manifested by the responsible parties, who are ever alive to the interests of the Lyceum members.

The next regular meeting will be held at Oxford hall, 77 Thirty-first street, on Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:15 p. m. The subject of debate is: "Resolved, That offices should be used as the spoils of political victory." The usual musical programme will also be rendered. Admission by ticket, which can be had free on application to the secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn avenue, who will furnish full information to those desirous of joining.

Though the organization is yet young, it has reached a place where unlimited and earnest support should be given it. It has outgrown its stage of infancy and has advanced to puberty. It is just in that condition to properly utilize and appreciate the support of our best and most respecting Irish and Irish-American members of society. J. J. S.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

An Address to the Men of the Irish Race on the Duties of the Hour—Stirring Allusion Made to Current Events in Ireland.

HEADQUARTERS IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE, POTTER BUILDING, NEW YORK, Jan. 14, 1897.—MEN OF THE IRISH RACE: Ireland is awake. She has discarded trumpery politics and arisen as a Nation, demanding that justice must be done. Peer and peasant, cleric and layman, Protestant and Catholic, Orangeman and Nationalist, Parliamentarian and Fenian, are upon one platform united, to see that injustice shall not be tolerated in Ireland. The Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the financial relations of England and Ireland, a commission composed mainly of the ablest financiers of the governing country, has declared that the poorer land in the enforced partnership is being robbed yearly of some twelve million dollars. This over-taxation has gone on ever since the so-called Union, and England today owes Ireland over a billion dollars, acknowledged even by Englishmen to have been stolen from her. This, of course, is only as a drop in the ocean, if we consider the entire relations of the two countries, but it has been sufficient to arouse Ireland to formulate a National demand. It is not now a mere question of tenant and landlord. There is a great National issue. The men who were looked on as England's garrison, have turned their faces home. They have seen the folly of their ways and recognized at last that a depopulated Ireland, an Ireland a mere graveyard within its four seas, is not to their interest. They have come to acknowledge that England is not their country, and that a great change must take place if Ireland is to be saved. England, through her own commission, has demonstrated the truth of Wolfe Tone's assertion that so long as the English connection remains, Ireland can never be contented or happy.

Lord Castletown, of Upper Ossory, has stepped into the front rank and told England that if justice is not done there may be an Irish Boston. Other lords have backed him up, and bishops, Protestant and Catholic, have declared with him, while our friend, John Daly, has saluted him as the possible Washington of Ireland.

Never in Ireland's history has there been such a union. Religion and politics are forgotten, and a nation is marching boldly to its future.

England will scout the Irish demand, and what then? The question of taxation made this great republic. Who knows what in the providence of God is in store for Ireland? Whatever it be, it is our duty to give earnest support to this movement whith has brought about this great National Alliance, and if it should come to revolt with Castletown at the head of the patriot army, let us be ready, one and all, to give him assistance.

In view of the possibilities of the immediate future, we call on you to make ready for whatever demands may be made upon our resources.

And since this is not a mere question of party, we ask Irishmen, no matter to what organization they may belong, to unite with us in support of the present movement at home. This does not involve your loyalty to your organization. Surely Ireland is above all, and petty squabbles should not be carried into the field of battle.

Ireland now expects every man to do his duty.

WILLIAM LYMAN, President,
O'NEILL RYAN, Vice-President,
P. V. FITZPATRICK, Treasurer,
C. O'CONNOR MCLOUGHLIN, Secretary.

Executive Committee—John J. Donovan, Thomas J. Dundon, Michael Mangan, Martin Kelly, James Lawlor, J. M. Kennedy, J. Sheehy, Chris Gallagher, Thomas H. Greevy.

How's This!

We Offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Feis Tighe Chonain Chinn Shleibhe Sonn.

(LEANTA).

"Ar n-a chlos sin do Mhiliadhachradh, do thiomsaidh Tuatha De Danainn a n-aon lonad: gur dhealbhadar loch draoidheachta do leith-taobh Sléibhe Cuillinn: agus fir an domhain do rachadh san loch ba liath iad; agus thainig a riocht eilite im-léithe ar faithce na h-Almhuine; go d-tárla dhamhsa bheith am' sonar ar an bhfaitheche an tan sin; gur léigeas fead ar mo chonaibh: agus nach g-cuala cú ná duine me acht Bran agus Sgeolaing amháin; go d-tángadar chugam; gur léigios a g-combdháil na h-eilite iad, agus do leanas i gan fhios do lucht an bhaile ó'n áit sin go Sliabh Cuillinn a g-Crioch Cualigne ba thuaidh, a n-Ulltaibh: agus gé'r ghairid athadh na h-eilite ó na conaibh, nior ghiorra 'ná athadh na g-con ualmse. Gidheadh, ó ráinig an eilit do'n t-sliabh thug cor do na conaibh; go nár bh-feas dóibh cá conair ionar gabhadh iel, agus ba longnadh mór liomsa fiadh san domhan do chinneadh ar na conaibh a chómh-fhad sin do shlighe. Gairid dham mar sin an tan ad' chonnairc inghion cruth-ghlan, caomh-áluinn ar bhruach an locha lán-soilbhin, agus i go dúbhach doimheanmnach; go d'táinig d'á h-ionnsuidhe, agus d'fhiafraigheas di fáth a dobhróin. 'Fáil dearg-óir thuit san loch so uaim,' ar sí, 'agus mé ag snámh; agus gessa nach fuilingid fior-laoch ort, a Fhionn, muna d-tugair an fháil chugam as an loch.' Gé'r leig liomsa dul do shámh, nior fhuilingios bheith go fada fó gheasaibh, agus téidhim fó'n loch d'iarraidh na fáile, agus fuaras i, agus thugas chum na h-inghine i. Ro ghabh sisi an fháil, agus téid féin do léim éadtrom fó'n loch; go n-ár bh-feas dhamhsa cá conair ionar ghaibh. Thángasa a d-tir, agus gé'r ghairid uaim m'éadach, ni raibh do shiúbhal ionnam a lonnsuidhe, ar n-déanamh seanóra crion-chruthaigh, cnámh-ársaidh, dhiom."

(*Translation*)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe.

"When Miluchradh heard this she summoned all the Tuatha De Danann into one place, and caused them to make her a druidical lake on the declivity of Sliabh Cuilleann; and if all the men in the world bathed in this lake they would become hoary. She (Miluchradh) came in the shape of a grey fawn upon the plain of Almhuin, when I chanced to be alone on the plain. I whistled to my hounds, but neither hound nor man heard me except Bran and Sceolaing alone. When they came to me I set them after the fawn, and they pursued her thence, without the knowledge of the people of the place, until they came to Sliabh Guillinn, in the district of Cuailgne of the north, in Ulster; and though the distance of the hounds from the fawn was short, it was not shorter than the distance between me and the hounds. Nevertheless, when they reached the mountain, she made a double on the hounds, so that they could not find which way she went; and I was exceedingly astonished to find that any deer in the world should hold out before the hounds in a course of such great length. I did not long remain so when I discovered a fair, lovely, beautiful girl on the margin of the delightful lake; she appeared sorrowful and disheartened; so I went up to her and asked her the cause of her sorrow. 'A ring of red gold that I dropped in the lake while bathing,' she replied, 'and I put you, O Fionn, under *geasa*, which no true hero would suffer himself to be bound by, if you do not fetch me the ring out of the lake.' Though I felt unwilling to go to swim, yet I did not suffer myself to be long under the *geasa:* I went into the lake in search of the ring, and, having found it, restored it to the young girl. She took the ring and with a nimble leap she herself sprang into the lake, so that I could not see where she betook herself. I landed, and though my clothes were but a short distance from me, I was quite unable to reach them, for I was changed into a weather-beaten, decrepid, old man."

(LE SHEITH LEANTA).

DIV. 7, A. O. H.

Division 7 had an enjoyable time at their hall, No. 446 West Twelfth street, on Sunday evening, Jan. 10, when the the following officers were installed for the ensuing year: William Sullivan, president; Patrick Beahan, vice-president; James E. O'Brien, financial secretary; Patrick Foley, recording secretary; Mark Hardin, treasurer; Michael F. Barrett, sergeant-at-arms; John McDonald, sentinel. In the absence of the superior officers of the Order, Brother Reynolds, of Div. 26, was delegated by the county president to perform the ceremony of installation, after which a social programme was rendered. President Sullivan welcomed the visiting brothers on behalf of Div. 7, and called on Brother William Mulligan, of Div. 25, to preside over the deliberations of the evening. With speeches, songs and refreshments the evening passed pleasantly to all present.

Brother P. J. Reynolds delivered an eloquent address on the past and future of the Order. The other speakers were Brothers George Gorman and William Mulligan. Messrs. John and Edward O'Brien gave recitations and acquitted themselves very creditably. Brother Starrett recited "Shamus O'Brien" in good style. The vocal part of the programme was very enjoyable, and received great applause, under the rendition of Brothers Lyons, Dowling, Jennings, Doyle, Corrigan, Costelloe and others. The pleasures of the evening wound up by the assemblage singing "God Save Ireland."

THE West Side Informal Dancing club gave a ball for the benefit of the House of the Good Shepherd, at Beck's hall, on Warren avenue, Wednesday night. One hundred and fifty couples attended, and about $300 was realized.

NICHOLAS MARKEY, one of the best known among the compositors of Chicago, died Tuesday night at his home, No. 299 Hudson avenue. He was held in very high esteem, and his death is much lamented. The funeral took place from the house to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where high mass of requiem was celebrated. Rev. Father Butler, Mr. Markey's life long friend, preached the funeral sermon. Interment was at Calvary cemetery.

Home-Seekers' Excursions.

On February 2 and 16, and March 2 and 16, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern States, both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

PRESS CLUB ELECTION.

Washington Hesing was chosen President of the Press club at the annual election on the evening of the 7th inst. The vote was close, and much scratching was done. Col. Nate C. Reed was the opposition candidate for president. The entire Hesing ticket was elected, including the five directors. The following are the officers elected:

President—Washington Hesing.
First Vice-President—John J. Lane.
Second Vice-President—Herman Reiwitch.
Third Vice-President—Wm. E. Ray.
Financial Secretary—T. S. Denison.
Recording Secretary—Chas. Ffrench.
Treasurer—E. J. Baker.
Librarian—Fred Benzinger.
Directors—W. H. Harper, J. T. Bramhall, A. S. Leckie, C. McAuliffe, Richard H. Little.

HYMENEAL.

MALONE-DOYLE.

Miss Margaret Frances Doyle, daughter of Mrs. J. Doyle, was married on Wednesday morning to Joseph A. Malone of Toledo, O. The ceremony was solemnized at 9 o'clock at the residence of Archbishop Feehan. The bride's sister, Miss Suzanne Doyle, was the only attendant. The bride wore a gown of white silk, veiled in tulle, and a short tulle veil. Her bouquet was of bride roses. Miss Suzanne Doyle wore white taffeta, covered with spangled tulle. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the bride's home, No. 1727 Wrightwood avenue, where the decorations were of pink and white. The breakfast was served at four tables and covers were laid for twenty-five. Eckhardt catered. Only the immediate families of the contracting parties were present at the ceremony and at the house. Mr. and Mrs. Malone left for an eastern trip and will finally reside in Toledo, O.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Emmet Monument Association of Omaha, Neb., at its last meeting:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler to remove from our midst our worthy friend and brother, the Hon. John Groves; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Emmet Monument Association, bowing reverentially to His decree, deeply mourn the death of our brother, the Hon. John Groves. He was a valued citizen, a devoted husband and a faithful loving father. An Irishman by birth, an American citizen by choice, yet never forgetting the sufferings of the people of his native country.

Resolved, That in his untimely taking off, the great struggle to make Ireland an independent nation has lost one of its most faithful, devoted and ardent supporters.

Resolved, That these resolutions be [illegible] on the records of this associa-

tion, that a copy be presented with the assurance of our profound sympathy to the bereaved wife and fatherless children of our late brother, also a copy be furnished the public press.

JAMES P. BRENNAN,
JOHN M. MCMAHON,
JOHN NANGLE,
Committee.

AGENTS WANTED.

The Memorial of the NEW MOVEMENT CONVENTION, or the Lives and Times of Illustrious and Representative Irishmen, containing 139 beautiful engravings. Introduction by John F. Finerty. "It should be in the hands of every Irishman."—The Republic, New York City. "No Irish Nationalist should be without a copy of Mr. Fanning's book."—The Citizen, Chicago. "A valuable book."—Trades Journal, Pittsburg. "Every person who takes an interest in Irish National organizations should secure a copy."—Irish Pennsylvanian, Pittsburg.

M. F. FANNING, Publisher,
269 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

The Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Ralleigh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

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Gold Filling	1.00
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Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

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